

## THE MAN IN THE CAB.

A VIEW AT CLOSE RANGE OF THE MEN WHO GUIDE TRAINS.

The Cab—What It Means to the American Engineer, Though His English Brother Rides in the Open Air—The Whistle and Its Individuality.

The average American engineer and his fireman would think themselves very ill used if an order were issued for the abolishment of the cab—that friendly retreat from inclement weather that is now considered an absolute necessity on all engines. And yet in civilized England, on a majority of the railroads, the engines in use are built minus the cab, thus forcing the operators to work without shelter in all kinds of weather. It sounds inhuman, and yet in refutation the railroad companies ask whether the soldier should carry an umbrella when it rains or the sailor be allowed to work under an awning? The claim is that the railroad employees become inured to severe weather and the absence of covering keeps them alert, so that the possibility of danger from inattention to duty is reduced to a minimum. Subtle argument, perhaps, but hardly tenable. If this practice was adopted on some of our western roads where the temperature ranges from 90 to 50 degs. below zero, how many engineers would live to carry their trains from one station to the next?

The unpardonable sin in an engineer is to let the water get out of the boiler of the engine in his charge. No matter what excuse he may offer, if he lives to make his report in turn, his dismissal will be peremptory, for by this action he has proved himself incompetent and unworthy of future responsibilities. It is better for an engineer that he had never been born when he reaches this stage of self torture. Fortunately such cases are rare. The man on all well conducted railroads must have shown himself to be trustworthy and true before he is given charge of an engine, and the rigid inspection to which he is subjected before an engagement is a guarantee of future conduct.

One weakness nearly every engineer has, and that is a penchant for "doctoring" the steam whistle on his pet engine. Every boy in a country town familiarizes himself at an early age with the different "toots" that by day and night wail through the unhappy village. He can detect No. 4's whistle when the train is five miles distant, and in like manner the approach of Nos. 1 and 2 are heralded to his keen ear. Of course all whistles are alike when they leave the shops, but the engineer fills in the sounding bell with a piece of turned wood that fits snug and changes the tone to a short, sharp scream or an angry, impatient howl, as his fancy may dictate.

The close observer may be snugly in his bed and yet be able to detect the passing of either a freight or passenger train. The engine on the former announces its approach by emitting a sharp, shrill scream that is soul piercing enough to waken the dead, while the passenger engine, with due respect to the living freight it carries, sounds a long, deep warning note that does not bring the occupant of a berth to his feet "all standing," ready to curse the company in general terms and the engineer in particular ones for such an act of folly and inconsiderateness. On the freight train a sharp, shrill scream is essential, for it notifies the brakemen, who are perhaps forty cars in the rear of the engine and separated from the occupants of the cab by many ways of ear piercing sound, just what work is required at their hands.

This whistle is to them what the cry of the call boy on the Thames steamboat used to be to the engineer down below before the advent of electric bells. "Ease her!" the captain would remark in his ordinary tone of conversation to the small boy that followed him like a shadow, and "Ease her!" the youngster would scream in his sharp, shrill staccato down the companionway. "Stop her!" "Turn 'er astern!" "Go ahead!" would perhaps follow in rapid succession, and in this decidedly crude fashion the London steamboat captains did their steering by proxy only a dozen years ago. One wonders what has become of those call boys. Perhaps they spend their hours in spinning yarns to the younger cockneys of the past glories of steamboating in much the same manner that our dethroned stage drivers of the west now regale the tenderfoot with glimpses of bygone acts of heroism and feats of impossible horsemanship. This is somewhat of a digression from the topic under discussion, but perhaps the reader will excuse its insertion. One thought naturally suggested the other.

As a class, engineers are usually good natured, kind hearted, though a bit rough; deep thinkers, due to their fixed habits of attention and long hours of enforced silence, and of good morals. An engineer who drinks cannot hope to hold his position long, for no master mechanic will tolerate confirmed tippling in a subordinate whose duties are so responsible as those of an engineer. He must be abstinent, prompt at his post of duty, and ever vigilant if he hopes to maintain his position. His hands may be black and his face grimy, but that his heart is all right was evidenced not long ago in a railroad terminus on the Pacific coast when the engine, puffing and laboring from its dizzy ride over mountain passes and along dangerous precipices, was approached by a golden haired miss of six, who patted one of the huge driving wheels carelessly and lisping, "You dear, big black thing, how I love you for bringing my sweet mamma and papa home to me from across those horrid mountains, and you too," she exclaimed, lifting her pretty face to the black bearded engineer, who had been watching her from his cab. The tear that sprang instantly to his eye was not an evidence of weakness, but of a warm, impassionate heart, and the father of the little girl that occasioned this touch of human nature fervently reached for his handkerchief. Just as the engineer drew his grimy sleeve across his sooty face.—Chicago Herald.

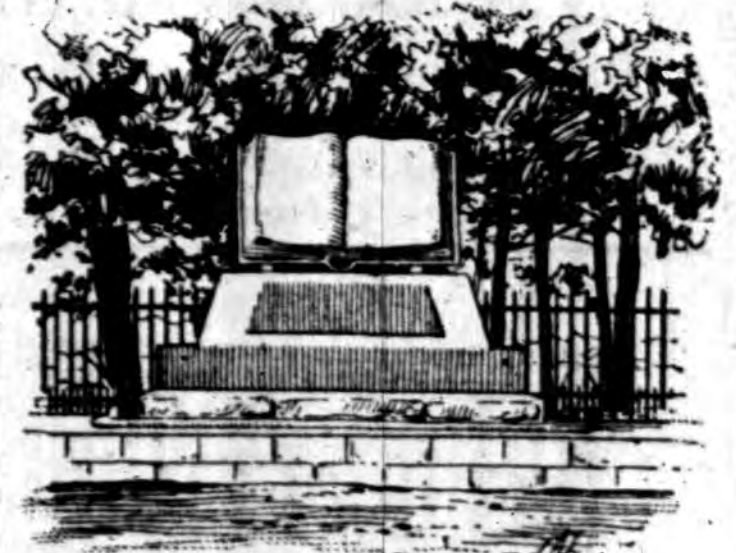
## "HIGH WATER MARK."

The Tablet Showing the Last Step in Pickett's Charge.

A scheme to honor the Confederates with a combination monument at Gettysburg inscribed to American valor was killed in its inception, and the southerners haven't a memorial on the actual battlefield and no prospect of securing one. But a tablet will be dedicated on June 2 to denote the "high water mark" of the lost cause, and it will be inscribed to the men who marched in Pickett's charge as well as to those who repulsed them.

Colonel J. B. Batchelder, the government historian of the field, is the projector and promoter of this memorial. It will be unveiled in the presence of President Harrison and his cabinet and the governors of eighteen northern states that contributed to mark the battlefield. The tablet stands on the east side of the famous copse of trees toward which Pickett's column aimed in its march, where the survivors rallied and from which point the retreat began. Webb's Philadelphia brigade met the enemy there and the monuments erected by his regiments will keep the tablet company. The unique memorial is an open bronze book resting upon a pyramid of cannon balls, the balls being supported by a plinth and base of polished granite. The cost was \$7,000 and is borne by the northern states whose troops took part in the repulse of Pickett.

One page of the book tells the story of the charge and the other of the repulse, naming the commands that grappled with Pickett's men as they attempted to cross the line. On the south side of the plinth a bronze tablet gives the name of



WHERE THE TIDE TURNED.

every southern regiment in the charging column, and a similar one on the northern side gives the names of every Union regiment and battery that assisted in the repulse. The troops included in the list are: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Michigan and Minnesota.

The oration on June 2 will be made by General H. H. Bingham, of Philadelphia. General Bingham was a staff officer of Hancock's suite, and was wounded at the time of the battle very near the spot where the "High Water" tablet stands. The Confederate general Armistead, who fell inside of the Union lines, was befriended by General Bingham in the name of his chief. Armistead and Hancock had been friends before the war. The dying soldier entrusted his valuables and messages to his family to General Bingham.

## Where Shakespeare Wooded.

The sale of Anne Hathaway's cottage to the trustees of Shakespeare's birthplace for the sum of \$15,000 has aroused a very animated discussion in England, many persons stoutly claiming that the price was extortionate, while others with equal vehemence assert that the money has been well invested. One of the latter class is a writer who, in the course of a long argument in support of his view of the matter, says:

The quaint old building of wood and plaster, with the thatched roof, heavy cross barred timbers and beaming caves, with their four casements beneath, is of course worth little enough; but when one remembers that it was here that the stripling of eighteen wooed his wife, and that the greatest English genius of all time found rest and welcome in the homely parlor, with its wide hearth and cozy inglenook, and that therefore the little cottage at Shottery is unique in all the world, the question of price is swallowed up in the feeling of satisfaction that it has fallen into reverent hands. It was in 1558 that Shakespeare married the sweetest eight years older than himself, and four years later when he came to London to make a fight for fortune; and as it was not until 1597 that he had prospered sufficiently to buy New Place, Anne Hathaway's cottage was intimately associated with our greatest poet for at least sixteen years or so of his life. It is pleasant to think that it has come into the hands of the trustees of Shakespeare's birthplace instead of into those of some professional showman on this or the other side of the Atlantic, who might have erected it as a side show for a dime museum, or turned it to account in conjunction with a switchback railway and military band, butchered its unique associations to make a cockney holiday.

## The Title to an Earldom.

An interesting and complicated case, involving nothing less than the legal succession to the earldom of Stamford was recently decided by the British house of lords, before whom the matter had been for some time. The decision was in favor of the present holder of the title, who is the ninth earl of Stamford. The eighth earl, who died in June, 1890, left a son, whose mother was a negress of Cape Colony. The earl married the negress, but this son was born prior to the marriage. The house of lords' decision declares that this son is illegitimate, and therefore has no claim on the title. The son made no contest to establish his legitimacy. The earldom of Stamford is among the oldest peerages in England, having been created in 1628. The earl also has the title of Baron Grey of Groby, which title was created in 1608. The present earl is William Grey, brother of the eighth earl. He was born April 18, 1850, and from 1878 to 1888 was professor of classics at Codrington college, Barbadoes. He is unmarried.

## A Remarkable Society.

In these days of societies of all sorts for all kinds of objects it is difficult to find one which is so unique as to excite more than passing comment, but the Manassas society, of Chicago, is certainly entitled to the palm for originality. Its membership is confined to colored men who have white wives.

## STATUE OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

Comely and calm he rides  
Hard by his own Whitehall;  
Only the night wind glides:  
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his court, and yet,  
The stars his couriers;  
Stars in their stations set;  
And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,  
The fair and fatal king;  
Dark night is all his own,  
That strange and solemn thing.

Which are more full of fate,  
The stars, or those sad eyes?  
Which are more still and great,  
Those brows, or the dark skies?  
—Lionel Johnson.

## Symbols of the Thunderbolt.

The different nations of the world, both ancient and modern, have employed various symbols to represent the fires that flash from the thundercloud. The Chaldeans symbolized it with a trident; the learned Babylonians used a human arm for the same purpose. The bas-reliefs of Nimrod and Malthia, the work of later and more refined Assyrian artists, show the trident doubled or transformed into a trident fascicle. This triumph of the classic art secured for the ancient Mesopotamian symbol the advantage over all other representations of the thunderbolt.

The Greeks represented the storm fire with the features of a bird of prey. Later on, when they had begun the use of the Asiatic form of the symbol, they put it in the claws of an eagle and made it the scepter of Zeus. Gaul received the symbol from Italy, but soon altered it to the familiar two headed hammer seen on the Gallo-Roman monuments. The same symbol is seen on amulets found in Germany, Scandinavia and Brittany.—St. Louis Republic.

## The Color of the Complexion.

If Mrs. Emily Crawford's deductions are true, beauty and such a hitherto difficult achievement as a complexion are mere matters of determination. Mrs. Crawford says that Frenchwomen used to be brown as a berry; but of late years they are conspicuous for their marble charm. The expression is Mrs. Crawford's. This, she says, is simply the result of their intense desire for beauty in pallor: it is altogether a matter of will power. It is elsewhere admitted that the Parisian has been giving a great deal of consideration to her diet, and has found that poultry and milk are better allies, so far as her skin is concerned, than butcher's meat and wine.—San Francisco Argonaut.

## Perfumes the Horse Likes.

There are some perfumes that are very grateful to horses, however little credit a horse may commonly receive for possessing delicacy of scent. Horse trainers are aware of the fact and make use of their knowledge in training stubborn and apparently intractable animals. Many trainers have favorite perfumes, the composition of which they keep a secret, and it is the possession of this means of appealing to the horse's aestheticism that enables so many of them to accomplish such wonderful results.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## An Electric Bell Call.

One of the patents for electrical contrivances issued from the patent office is for an automatic guest call for use in hotels. It consists of a combination of a clock connected through a series of relays and contacts with an annunciator bell system. A guest wishing a call at a certain time has his bell connected to this time strip on the clock circuit; at the designated hour the bell in his room rings for a certain period, or until he stops it.—New York World.

## Barbers Use Little Wax Now.

Says a barber: "A thing that isn't used much these days is grease. This store consumed three pounds of it a day ten years ago, and we don't get away with a solitary pound now. I once calculated that 100,000 New York men carried around 150 pounds of wax in their mustaches. This was at the rate of one ounce of wax to forty mustaches."—New York Herald.

## Enemies of the Salmon Fisheries.

Seals and sea lions are a great nuisance to the salmon fishermen. At the mouth of the Columbia river they watch the gill nets and grab the caught salmon by the throats, devouring those parts which they regard especially as tidbits. Bears are very fond of salmon and catch a great many of them in the streams. They eat only the heads.—Washington Star.

## Felt Flattered.

England is laughing at the story told in Henry Norman's "Real Japan" of the American minister at Tokio, who thought the Japanese "damned clever" people because they greeted him with cries of "Ohayo." "How did they know that I was from Ohio?" he asked.

"The tenement house," said a speaker at a recent public meeting, "is the enemy of philanthropy of the present day." He meant that whatever is done to ameliorate the condition of the masses of the poor in the great cities is, to a great extent, neutralized by the conditions under which they live.

The value of the product of the factories and mills west of the Mississippi during the year 1891 is computed at \$428,565,005, and the product of the states west of the Missouri alone is computed at \$198,729,653.

In territorial area the United States ranks third. Great Britain controls 8,557,000 square miles of territory, Russia, 8,352,940 miles, and the United States, counting Alaska, 3,580,243 miles.

It is said that in all the forests of the earth there are no two leaves exactly the same. It is also said that amid all peoples of the earth there are no two faces precisely alike.

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